

Marty Robbins

"Bend In The River"

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Past the first bend in the river is another bend I can't
see
And the bend that keeps calling is the bend that keeps
hiding from me

Past the first hill on the desert is another hill I can't see
And the hill that keeps hiding is the hill that keeps
calling to me

In the cottonwood by the river a mourning dove calls
his mate
He has true love to give her but love for me must wait
Till I've traveled every river and each desert hill I have
climbed
If I find love to my liking I'll leave the river's bend far
behind

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